The Temptation Of Rev. 'Legs'

A Short Story
By JOHN JASPER

It started when she was five. She had fought with the boy next door, trampled Mrs. Brown's sweetpeas across the street, and played baseball with the boys, down at the corner store.

"I'll tell your pa," mother had threatened and she did.

But affectionate Olive Mae was standing at the street corner when he came home. She rushed into his arms. He rode her home on his back with her arms around his neck, and that night there was no punishment for daddy's precious lambkin.

A Wily Young Woman

In high school she invented a tale and took a beau away from her best girl friend.

In college she bet her roommate she could have the English professor write her a note.

She sent him a message asking he would meet her in front of the main college building to discuss a private matter. She got her note back with the reply "no" written on it, but that won her bet.

In her senior year she bet a sorority sister she could get one of the younger instructors to take her to a fraternity dance.

Another Bet Won

The coeds were always discussing ways and means to wangle attention from the single professors.

Olive Mae won this bet too. But the young teacher got a reprimand from the dean. Dating students was against the rules.

Winning men was a challenge to Olive.

She started out with the single ones and graduated to the married ones.

She found the latter fell easier. The middle-aged and bald-headed always felt flattered to receive the attention of a baby faced young woman who seemed to be born just to be admired and entertained and protected by some man, any man.

The old college game was on in earnest. Someday Olive would marry, but just now what fun it was to demonstrate her magnetism for men, anybody's man.

The Preacher

She never wanted to possess them, merely to make them fall for her and occasionally to see the pinched face of an outraged wife or fiancee: And to see the relief on their faces when she'd say — you've got a nice guy, he'll make you very happy. I'll be godmother to your first kid.

Then came the preacher, long, tall, gaunt, an Abe Lincoln type of a guy.

Right off she called him "Legs." So did everybody else privately. He was the Reverend "Legs."

Olive vamped him mercilessly. The town watched with its mouth open.

Woman At Work

She sat in the same pew every Sunday. She looked into his eyes soulfully during the sermon. She always managed, when she shook hands after service to recall some part of his sermon and tell him how helpful it was to her.

She even joined the choir to be closer and see him more often than once a week.

She knew his mouse-like wife was watching her.

She could get any guy she wanted.

She wanted the preacher.

He acted as though he didn't know she existed. But give her time, she'd get him.

Had she failed yet?

Old College Trick

She remembered the old college trick and sent him a note asking if he would come to see her on an important private matter.

He'd be delighted, he said, and he called.

She had on her prettiest frock and served the preacher a cup of tea and small sandwiches.

She made the conversation.

He listened.

He ate with relish and then rising to the height of his long legs he spoke his piece.

Rev. "Legs" Speaks

"Olive," he said, "you have a beautiful place here. You are an attractive young woman and a good cook. Never have I tasted finer sandwiches.

"Only one thing you lack. You live alone.

"You should have a husband and raise a family.

"My wife is the best matchmaker I've ever known.

"Forgive me, but she wants to see you.

"I left her outside in the car. "May I ask her to come in?"

THE END

"I REMEMBER"
BY THE OLD TIMERS

Readers are invited to "write up" their memories for this column. Contributions should be sent to The Old Timers, AFRO Magazine, Baltimore 1, Md.

From Mrs. N. C. Henshaw, Pomona, Kans.: I remember when I was a little girl in Grant County, Kansas, only about 50 or 60 years ago. This being a hot political year, I am reminded of the red-hot politicians of those days. "Sockless Jerry" and "Prince Hal" and all the rest.

The faithful came for miles and miles to hear them speak. There were hay-rack parades, flags and bunting, glee clubs and fiery oratory even as now, but without benefit of radio and television. Those were the good old days.

From Hervey Johnson, Cincinnati, Ohio: I remember when kids used to cut out windows in shoe boxes, put candles in the boxes, make several boxes into a train, and drag them along the street at night, playing they were lighted cars.

FORTUNE TELLER
ORIENT
2 3 4 5 6 7

You can have fun figuring out your message from the Orient by use of this pleasant little puzzle. If the number of letters in your first name is 5 or less, subtract from 7. If more than 5 letters in your first name, subtract from 13. Now take this result and find your key letter in the word ORIENT at the top of one of your large key letters as it appears from left to right. Below the key letters is a code message for YOU.

N	I	T	O	E	R	O
A	F	F	E	C	T	I
T	O	T	H	E	R	I
O	N	E	T	R	I	N
G	T	A	L	E	A	M
O	R	E	N	I	T	O
G	H	A	N	E	C	T
I	R	R	T	O	N	I
R	I	E	A	R	W	S
R	O	N	I	E	T	O
E	I	N	E	T	I	C
I	O	E	R	T	N	O
G	C	T	O	I	C	S
T	I	O	R	E	N	R
I	A	E	O	S	Y	S

N E T O E R O N I R E T N
A F F E C T I O N A T E
T O T H E R I O N E T R I N
G T A L E A M P L A V I
O R E N I T O N E T R E I
G H A N E C T A D I
I R R T O N I T N I O R E
R I E A R W S U G W Y C
R O N I E T O N E T I R E
E I N E T I C E R I C E
I O E R T N O N E R T E O
G C T O I I C S I I O
T I O R E N R I T E O N T
I A E O S Y S P S E Y

By R. HARPER

A man may have a faulty and erroneous conscience.

If he suspects that his moral judgments are not sound, he is bound to obtain competent spiritual guidance and advice so that he may correctly judge what is right and what is wrong.

Good And Evil

But so long as he is morally certain that he has full ability to distinguish between good and evil he can never lawfully ignore what his conscience dictates.

This is true whether or not his conscience is objectively in error. It is always right in the subjective sense.

In simpler terms, this means that a man may do something essentially wrong and yet be morally guiltless because, in his judgment, he was doing something good.

Opposite True Too

The reverse is also true. A man may do something good and yet sin because he thought he was doing wrong.

The difference between the man with a good conscience and the man with a bad conscience lies in the attitude of the mind and soul toward God.

The man with a good conscience knows that God's will is supreme in all things and has kept trying to live by this belief.

Bad Conscience?

The person with a bad conscience also recognizes the supremacy of God's will, but he has elected to obey his own will instead.

Thus, he brings upon himself a judgment he can never escape except through sorrow and repentance. Genuine reform always means the rebirth of conscience that has become dead through persistent sin, or the strengthening of a conscience that has been weakened by occasional defiance of the moral law.

Change Of Pace

By WILLARD O. PERSING

"I don't care if you have to buy a sawmill to get that lumber, just see that it gets there today!"

3 MINUTE SHORT STORY

Bill slammed the phone back on its cradle, muttering to himself about young pups who quit trying as soon as they'd heard 'No' mentioned a time or two.

The slender girl, sitting on the corner of his desk, grinned at him.

"Pops, if everyone bulled their way through like you do, there'd be quite a crop of cracked heads."

As he looked up at his daughter, Bill's face softened into a smile. "Something on your mind, Corab"

"Yes, but I think this job is a little too delicate for your methods." She stared out the window for a moment before continuing.

"James refuses to marry me," she said. "Now, he's decided that it's better if we don't even see each other any more."

"Refuses to marry you!" The windows rattled as Bill came up out of his chair. "Why I'll—"

Cora's frown put him back into his chair. "That's what I mean about your methods. I'd like to have enough of him left to carry me over the threshold."

"Why won't he marry you?"

"Rich girl, poor boy. He says he won't have it appear that he married me for my money."

Bill stared thoughtfully at her. "You really love him, don't you?"

Cora nodded her head.

"All you need," Bill said as he leaned back and stared at the ceiling, "is just a diamond-studded, fourteen - carat miracle."

"That's a thought to cheer a girl's heart," Cora gave her father a wry glance. "That is, if you have an extra miracle you won't be needing for a few days."

Bill closed his eyes and studied a moment. "I could arrange for a good job to fall his way."

"Pops, please don't try anything like that. If he found that we had a hand in it, he would probably leave town. Your tactics are about as subtle as those of an old billy goat."

"All right, so I'm not in the habit of pussy-footing around," growled Bill. "What are you going to do?"

Argue Again

"Same as I have been doing. Argue some more and try to wear him down."

"That settles that." Bill stood up and quietly walked over to get his hat and coat. "You want me to drop you off at home? I've got to run over to the hospital.'

"The hospital!"

"Yes, old Joe, the fellow who owns the newsstand down on the corner, thinks he's going to die, and I thought some company might cheer him up."

Cora frowned. "He must be the one who has been giving me some competition. James spends two or three nights a week, playing chess and arguing politics with some old fellow named Joe."

Bill stopped and stared at her. "Come on," he said hurriedly, "if I don't get a move on, visiting hours will be over before I get there."

The windows were still rattling from Bill's conversation when he slammed the phone back into its cradle and glanced up at his daughter who was struggling to keep the exasperated expression on her face.

"Pops, I thought you were asked to keep your strong-arm tactics out of my love affair."

Bill grinned up at her. "What do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean." Cora's stern expression broke into a happy laugh. She came around the desk and kissed him on the forehead.

"But I still don't know—"

"Don't play innocent with me. Having Joe leave the newsstand to James was a stroke of genius.

"Did it work?"

Cora held her left hand up in front of his face. A diamond on the third finger twinkled merrily at him.

THE END

Brain Twisters

BRAIN TWISTERS
How Many Words?

How many everyday English words of four letters or more can you manufacture from the letters contained in the word PROGENY? We can squeeze out at least 20 words, but maybe you can exceed this mark.

Homonyms

Homonyms, in case you've forgotten, are words that sound exactly alike, but are spelled differently and have different meanings. For instance, ATE and EIGHT are homonyms. Here we give you the definition of each. See if you can name the homonyms.

1. Two horses—to abound.
2. Legal claim—thin.
3. Odor—dispatched.
4. Rational—a net.
5. Shoreline—a tree.
6. Level land—geometric surface.

EZ Spelling

The answere to each of the following is spelled the EZ way, that is, with just two letters or a numeral and letter. For instance: A cotton fabric would be just 'PK," and kindly would be "B9." Now, you try it.

1. A climbing plan.
2. Having to do with art.
3. Anticipate.
4. A little blue-eyed blonde.
5. Indian dwelling.

ANSWERS

1. Cross your heart. 2. Do your best. 3. Name your price. 4. Swallow your pride. 5. Watch your step. 6. Hold your tongue. 7. Sign your name. 8. Stand your ground.

HOW MANY WORDS: Progeny, progen, gyre, rope, ogre, pony, pone, pore, porey, prone, prey, prong, pyre, rape, ogre, gray, ergo, Negro, yore.

EZ SPELLING: 1. IV. 2. RT. 3. Sme, sme. 4. Sane, sane. 5. Beach, beech. 6. Plain, plane. 7. Team, teem. 8. Lien, lean. 9. Scent, sent.

HOMONYMS: 1. Team, teem. 2. Lien, lean. 3. Scent, sent.

World Series

Ten players have appeared in four World Series competitions since 1947, and their overall batting average for the annual fall classic is .260.

Arithmetic

ADD:
628 and 571
478 and 329

ADD:
57 and 46
15 and 19

SUBTRACT:
760 from 915
103 from 382

MULTIPLY:
670 and 900
129 and 576

☆ About People ☆

LET'S LOOK AND LISTEN

By GEORGE DANIELS For ANP

Louis Armstrong says: "there are only two things that make a fine musician, ability and living. We can all take the book and do-re-mi but you got to find the other notes for yourself, and that takes time. You got to live. It takes years." Satchmo is still blowing at 52.

New York Dateline: Well, Eddie Heywood is back and doing the arrangement (his) of Cole Porter's fabulous "Begin the Beguine," that sold over 2,600,000 records a number of years back before Eddie was stricken with paralysis. He's terrific and solid.

Went to see Billy Daniels for the third straight time last week and he was still packing them in at the Chicago Theatre here. After appearing here for two successful theatre-packed weeks a heart strain will force the singer to rest for at least three weeks.

On the Blotter: Ink Spots have splattered everywhere. Now, instead of one, there are two Ink Spot groups as the result of a legal tangle, the likes of which are unheard of in music circles. Their names? "The Original Ink Spots" and "The New Ink Spots."

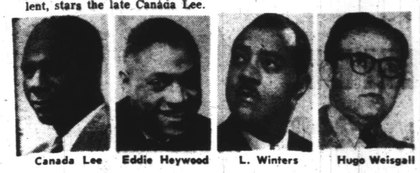
It goes like this: The original Ink Spot group which skyrocketed to fame on "If I Didn't Care," comprised the late Hoppy Jones, Deke Watson, who sold out his interest in the act; Bill Kenny, who acquired 75 per cent of it, and Charlie Fuqua, who got 25 per cent.

According to court ruling, Kenny and Fuqua were equal partners in ownership of the name and were both entitled to use it. Because of disagreements arising from Kenny's increasingly frequent billing of his name and other factors, Fuqua pulled away and now has his own unit, with Watson, Harold Jackson as bass voice and Jimmy Holmes in the high tenor role that was once Kenny's.

Blaze of Glory: Duke Ellington and his orchestra will round out the 1952 season with an Ellington Silver Jubilee celebration, starting Oct. 24, spearheaded by Sidney Mills of Mills Music. This jubilee will mark the 26th year since Ellington's ascendency into the big time.

Twenty-five years ago this fall Sidney's father, Irving Mills, then Duke's manager, closed a deal that brought him to the old Cotton Club in Harlem where the band created a sensation.

The Chicago Urban League sponsored the Midwest premier of "Cry, The Beloved Country," at the Ziegfield theatre Sept. 25. This famous movie, made in South Africa where race tension is turbulent, stars the late Canada Lee.



Canada Lee — Eddie Heywood — L. Winters — Hugo Weisgall

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK

By GLADYS P. GRAHAM For ANP

Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York stressed that the Jewish people along with other minorities have stood in the forefront of the endless struggle for freedom and the rights of man and that the steadfastness of the Jews remained through centuries of dispersion, last week as the High Holy Days began.

Composers William Grant Still and Ulysses Kay were listed among the distinguished members of the Inauguration Committee of the Cantors Institute and the Seminary School of Jewish Music of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, which held its opening program and convocation here at Juilliard Concert Hall.

The Institute is the first of its kind to be founded in America authorized to grant academic degrees for (hazan) cantor. Dr. Hugo Weisgall, is chairman. Dr. Louis Finklestein, who conferred citations, has recently returned from an extended trip to Israel and Europe.

Janet Collins, first tan premiere danseuse to grace the roster of the stuid Metropolitan Opera House artists, said she and her company (under direction of Columbia Artists Management) will go on tour during the entire month of October.

Miss Collins will not participate in her classes at the American School of Ballet where she was the only sepia instructor, because of her heavy outside schedule.

Andy Kirk, the Clouds of Joy batonist and one of the few bandsmen left with a 15 piece band intact, has gone into the floral business. Kirk also holds a certificate as real estate salesman for the City of New York.

Zimmer Cox, a Fulbright scholar and candidate for his doctorate from the School of Fine Arts, New York University, will participate in his first group show since his return to the United States from the University of Florence, Italy.

Cox, a native of Kansas, Serge Hollerbach and Sylvia Rutkoff opened their exhibit here at the Creative Gallery. The works of the interracial group had great strength, dash and color. The preview reception drew a large number of art critics and viewers of distinction.

The Haitian Aroyo S.C. group is girding its loins for its annual fall presentation which is to feature Walter Nicks of Dunham School, Valerie Carr and Michel Clarke, M.C. among others at their downtown Village penthouse.

Beauford Delaney, Knoxville, Tenn., born artist whose One-Man show in New York was recently presented at the RoKo Gallery, has moved from his Green Street Loft studio where he has been quartered for 17 years.

The building like many others in the Greenwich artist colony is being torn down to make way for the face lifting taking place all over New York's main stem. Delaney and Charleston Wilson of Memphis, Tenn., are among artists who are expected to participate in the forthcoming Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit opening here this week end.

The New York City Opera company, under the guidance of its Gen. Dir. Joseph Rosenstock is set to present noteworthy artists in debuts and operas. Camilla Williams, Lawrence Winters, Singer Starling and Mary Hickson are among the artists slated for performance at New York City Center.

Anne T. Wolfolk, Chicago and N.Y. social worker, dynamic AKA soror and member of United Nations affairs committees, was among the select few who passed the highly competitive examination for "Housing Community Activities Co-ordinator" for the City of New York.

Nothing Serious

The man and woman entered a New York taxi and told the driver where they wanted to go. He raced off wildly, went careening down the streets, swaying, bumping, and giving them several anxious moments. Noticing their concern, he shouted over his shoulder.

"Don't worry, folks, I ain't going to land in no hospital, especially after spending a year in one overseas."

"How dreadful," answered the lady, sympathetically. "You certainly must have been seriously wounded."

"No," the cabbie replied cheerfully, "never got a scratch. I was a mental case."

By JAMES L. HICKS

NEW YORK—Whenever Grant Reynolds and his Missus throw a party in their Westchester Manor this reporter is there with bells on if we are within 100 miles of the Reynolds estate when the invitations are issued.

Our press card gets many invitations to parties but the press card and I always try to make a Reynolds party for two reasons first because Grant and his missus are a hale couple well met and secondly, because of the whisky decanters they set up for their guests.

"Some Will Say . . ."

Now there are some who will say that we break our necks to get to the Reynolds parties first because of their whisky decanters and secondly because the Reynolds' are such great hosts.

In short, people with a dim view of our sense of values will tell you that this correspondent's first interest in a party lies first in the alcoholic beverages being served and secondly in the graciousness of his host.

The reader can be assured that nothing is further from the truth.

We go to the Reynolds' parties first to commune with the Reynolds'.

Liquor Unlimited

But I'd still like to talk about those decanters of the Reynolds.

You see Grant operates a liquor store on Sugar Hill and when he throws a party—well whatta ya' expect?

That's right, the bar that Grant leads you to contains a good cross section of the best bottles you can find in Mr. Reynolds' business enterprise on Sugar Hill.

But what I started out to tell you about was those decanters. And what I like about the Reynolds' parties (that is the thing I like best about the Reynolds' parties (that is the thing I like second best, I should say) is the fact that Grant does not display his graciousness to you in bottles—he and those decanters must hold every bit of a half gallon each!

Those Decanters

Lemme tell you a little about those decanters—not that I go to Grant's house just to see them, but they are darn interesting and —well, they're just nice to have around when ou'rey meeting old friends. You know what I mean.

These decanters are big heavy masculine things made of pure crystal glass. They sit up there on the par blainly marked with an "S" or a "b" or an "r" or some other designation and if you don't think that means Scotch, Bourbon or Rye, just take the top off and see for yourself.

I first met these decanters one Christmas Day.

I was filled with Christmas cheer and I resented the way they sat there cold and glassy just staring at me. So I decided to cheer them up a bit by taking away some of the load they were carrying.

Defiant Decanters

Well, there's no use trying to tell you what happened, frankly I don't quite know myself. Suffice it to say that I took quite a load off them, but somehow they just continued to sit there and remain just as heavy and full as they were when I first saw them and no matter how I tried I couldn't change them in any way.

They just sat there cold and full and laughing at me.

There came a time when I became so confused I began to see six of them instead of three and once when I angrily grabbed at the one marked "S" I knocked over the one marked "R." But as I said before those decanters are very masculine and the one marked "R" didn't break at all.

I just sat it upright again, it glinted at me and I left with the solemn vow that I'd come back and finish the battle some other day.

Return Engagement

Well, last Saturday night Composer Everett Lee and his wife, Sylvia, were getting ready to go to Paris on a Fulbright scholarship and Grant and his wife, who are great friends of theirs, called up a crowd and said "Come on in" and let's all say "Bon Voyage" together to them.

When I got there the first thing I saw was those decanters. Honestly, I wasn't looking for them. There were a lot of other things to see. Real important people, pretty women, wonderful food and what have you.

For instance, Carol Brice, the contralto, was there.

"O Don Fatale"

You know Sylvia was her fist accompanist and it was only naturaly that they get together for one more song. Carol sang Verdi's "O Don Fatale" and it just seemed coincidental later when she found me admiring the beauty of the decanters and told me that "O Don Fatale" translated means "O Fatal Beauty."

I looked at the pretty crystal glass in those decanters and first thing you know I was singing "O Fatal Beauty," too.

Dr. Herb Marshall was there from Dee Cee, Dr. and Mrs. George Cannon were there, Bill and Floria Brown, with Gloria's dad, also Mrs. Lavern Charles of the Virgin Islands, glamorous Ivy Speed, Neil Scott (Carol's husband) my own Daisy, Gerri Major, Don and Olivia Stanford (Libby Clark to you) and a host of others.

I Met A Woman

And I met a woman whose beauty I had heard of long before I met her. She was even more striking that they had said she was. And she had on a dress which was out of this world.

It was beautiful and black and all twisted up into that new siren look. What's more she told me that she was a reader of my column and that her husband is also a reader. What more could a newsman ask

Know what lasked? I asked if she'd like to meet some friends of mine.

She Met My Friends

Know who I introduced her to? That's right—those decanters. She didn't tarry with us long. She told me her name and swirled away in the crowd.

But I sat there with my friends those decanters long and late. And you know they did for me—jealous friends that they are—they tried to take away my memory of all the nice people at the party. In fact, all I can now remember about that beautiful lady is that her last name was Hockaday and she was from Dee Cee.

But I can't forget those decanters—I'd like you to meet them sometime!

Notes from a---
VA. SCRAPBOOK

By B. T. GILLESPIE

ROANOKE, Va. — The local school system is in chaos.

Several years ago, the school board appointed an advisory committee of five colored members, whose duty it was to serve as advisors to the board on what the colored schools, teachers and citizens needed and wanted, which of course they already knew.

Actually, such a board would serve to tell the school board when Mrs. Jones bought a fur coat, or how much Mr. Jones paid for his car and where he got the money for the down payment.

Kept Close Check

The board could keep a close check on the social activities of the teachers through such a board (I understand they did) without having to give the members of the committee any recognition as members of the school board.

There are but few old - timers here, who recall the function of the committee in question, who won't admit that the public is still suffering from those days.

It was this type of thing that instilled fear, incompetence and lack of interest in teachers and students alike, and it will remain a stigma here for years to come.

The Principal Problem

People here are asking the sane and simple question: why is it that, when the new school opened this fall, the school board was forced to spend so much time looking for a principal from out of town?

Why was it, that after all these years, some Roanoke man had not been trained to take over the position?

Why did not the school board, like Richmond and other cities, look ahead and prepare one of its own, who knew the people and their background.

The questions are paramount here today. Those who would venture an answer, say that young men teachers who might have prepared themselves, had no confidence in school authorities and never knew when they might be called upon to resign.

The friction and tensity here has been hard on teachers and there has been little let up.

Penn Too Liberal

The school board finally took on a colored member, Dr. Harry Penn, but Dr. Penn was a more liberal person than the board wanted in a colored member.

Dr. Penn was replaced by the Rev. A. L. James, pastor of First Baptist Church. If the Rev. Mr. James was a liberal, and we don't say he isn't (he was a member of the old advisory committee) his age would be against him in times like these when one has to fight every inch of the way.

When the board was about to dismiss a principal last spring who had been in the system for 41 years, it was too much for people of the school community.

Threatened March

Following a story in the AFRO about the principal's intended dismissal, 1500 residents of the community informed the superintendent that they were prepared to march on his office, if their principal were dismissed.

Someone has suggested that such a march be made when unfounded rumors are carried to the superintendent's office.

We have pointed out before in this column that present conditions here make a very unhealthy atmosphere for students. There is little respect students can have for their teachers when they are subjected to the humiliations Roanoke offers.

GI MAILBAG

Q—Is VA medical treatment available to World War II veterans studying under the GI Bill?

A—A veteran - student is entitled only to such medical treatment from VA as he would otherwise get by virtue of his military service. The World War II GI Bill makes no special provision for medical treatment of trainees.

Q—I recently received a gift of several hundred dollars from my son. In figuring out my annual income—for purposes of getting a VA pension—do I count the gift as income?

A—Yes. Gifts are counted in determining annual income for pension purposes.

Q—I lost a leg in service, and I recently obtained an automobile with special attachments, with VA paying $1,600 toward the cost of the car. Is the car exempt from taxation by my State, because it was purchased with federal funds?

A—No, unless the State law provides for such exemption. Even though VA paid part of the cost of th ra,yu oslit ar- erei Y cost of the car, you still are required to pay city, county or State taxes, if they are called for.

Rebel Flags Wave In Atlanta

(Continued from page 4)

gards to that vital issue.

Mr. Dobbs' Reaction

Mr. Dobbs' reaction was almost violent. We were standing a few feet away from where Ike was speaking and I had asked my question almost in a whisper so as to not to disturb the proceedings that were going on.

But Mr. Dobbs turned on me and literally shouted, "I'm for civil rights and everyone down here knows I'm for it. And I'm for Eisenhower, too."

He uttered these words in such a loud voice that people in the crowd began to turn around to see who was causing the disturbance.

Reporters Ease Away

Kempton noticing this outburst eased away from Mr. Dobbs and I stayed in his presence just long enough not to be discourteous and then moved away from him too.

Kempton then joined me and said, "What's wrong with that guy?"

I told him I did not know and then went on to interview C. R. Yates and J. H. Calhoun who were prominent in the official welcome.

Later Kempton came over to me and gave me a thumbnail history of Mr. Dobbs and told me that he had had a brush with Mr. Dobbs during the convention in Chicago.

Dash For Bus

I circulated through the crowd talking with various colored people until Ike finished his speech and then crowded near the platform where Ike was to make the wild dash for our bus.

I might explain this.

A presidential candidate always has a motorcycle police escort plus dozens of other cops whose job it is to get him in through a crowd and then get him out when he is done.

Press Manouvers

The press has found that the best way to get through these crowds is to use the lanes which are cleared for the candidate.

Since the press generally has the candidate's speech they know exactly when he is due to finish and that is why on TV you see reporters begin closing up their typewriters and moving near the candidate as he nears the end of his speech.

The press bus is usually spotted just behind the candidate's car and if a reporter can get into that cleared lane leading towards the candidate's car he can scoot right on out to the bus without being stopped.

Pity The Lost Man

But if he gets lost in the crowd who surge around he may never be able to get through in time to get the bus and may have to get a taxi back to the airport or to the next point where the candidate is going.

On my way through the lane of police to the bus I asked a police lieutenant what the crowd estimate was. He gave me a figure of 45,000 in Hurt Park and 100,000 on the parade route leading from the airport.

Reporters' Dilemma

A reader may wonder about this.

Reporters who are generally impartial on such occasions have a difficult time trying to accurately report the number of people at such an affair.

Naturally the Republicans would like it said that a million people were present. This would only make Ike look better. On the other hand any opponent of Ike would tend to minimize the crowd.

Since it is generally known that such biases exist, many papers require their reporters to quote either the chief of police or the highest ranking policeman in charge of the affair.

"The Chief Said . . ."

That is why when you read a report of such an event you see the line "Police Chief so and so estimated the crowd at so and so." Such a line takes the paper off the hook and prevents it from being accused of being biased toward any side.

It might be well to add that reporters often know that police officials are lying depending on how they feel about a certain event.

Police Prejudices

Thus, if the Communist parade in New York on May Day, police may set the crowd at 100,000 when actually they might have a half million.

On the other hand, on "I Am An American Day" police might gaze upon a crowd of 100,000, but tell reporters two million people were on hand. About all the reporter can do is quote the figure. He can't count all the noses present.

Back in the bus at Atlanta the reporters immediately got together on the crowd figure so that we would at least be consistent. We finally arrived at the 30,000 figure which was passed out by the police chief.

No Ground Insurance

On the way back to the airport (we were heading for Jacksonville) many of the reporters began to express regrets that they had not taken out insurance policies which covered land travel as well as air.

In New York we had been offered a package deal of insurance for $13.00 which would cover us in any mishap on land or in the air, but most of the boys had simply taken out insurance to cover the plane rides which came at a cheaper rate than the overall insurance.

But the bus ride behind Atlanta police made us all want to change our policies.

Hazardous Ride

Atlanta was laid out to put on a show and its policemen were especially determined. We were riding downhill on a narrow street leading from the airport at 55 miles an hour when our bus crossed a railroad.

The bus bounced so high into the air many of the typewriters were thrown into the aisles and it appeared that the bus would turn over.

The driver, however, simply laughed and poured on the gas while we sat helplessly watching his folly. On such rides a reporter has no protection.

A driver gets behind a police escort for the first time in his life with orders to run through all the red lights in town and some of them go stark raving crazy.

Traffic Cop Hurt

In the bus ahead of us the driver ran so close up on the police escort he sideswiped the motorcycle on which the cop was riding and flipped him through the air. The cop got a nasty hole cut in his head but the motorcade rolled on.

Later Eisenhower sent back some money to buy flowers for the cop.

You probably noticed in the papers also that Governor Stevenson's car killed a dog as he dashed madly through some town the other day.

Mixed Emotion

Newsmen look upon this with mixed emotions.

In New York where the streets are wide and the cops experienced at handling such things, the ride is thrilling to say the least.

But personally I want no part of a small town with narrow streets where the cops are out to convince the local citizenry that they are the fastest hot rod boys in the nation when it comes to a police escort. But as a reporter its all in the game and you just sit and take it.

Back To Work

As soon as we got back in the plane everyone got out his typewriter and began work on the Atlanta story.

You did this simply by putting your portable on your lap and going to work. When the plane gave a bump you might hit "Y" on the typewriter when you were aiming at "T" but somehow we got out "copy" out.

We were not the only ones to swing into action on the plane.

Ad Lib Specialist

The three girls who were traveling in the press plane began work as soon as we got aboard. One of the girl's job was to pick up with her stenotype machine any ad libs that Ike might have thrown into his speech and to type them as soon as she got back on the plane.

As soon as she finishes this she passes it over to another girl who cuts a stencil and runs it right off there in the plane which is traveling at 15,000 feet at 300 miles an hour.

In order to set up the mimeographing machine and make room for its operation the girls had to close down the ladies, "powder" room on the plane. This meant that during the trip we all used the same toilet facilities but we had no difficulties.

Accuracy Important

The idea in getting out the text of Ike's speech is to help reporters make sure that they accurately quote him in their stories. As soon as the speech is run off it is passed out to newsmen.

The men who filed their stories at Atlanta have paraphrased what Ike said in their first leads to their papers. Now with the verbatim text they can file another lead and quote him on just what he did say.

Shop Talk

It might be said in passing that only two of the newsmen on the plane take shorthand and only about seven use the touch system in typing.

Shorthand and touch typing certainly must be an asset to any reporter at times but I have never yet found myself unable to write a story because I was not able to take what was said down in shorthand.

In the modern world of today a reporter usually has any important speech laid before him hours before the speech is made and about all he has to do is sit there and watch it delivered to make sure the speaker does not fall dead as he makes it.

Dispatching Methods

In such cases most of the boys get the speech, write their story and send it to their office by wire.

Then they watch the speech delivered and if there are no great changes in the speech they simply flash a wire to their office saying "Release Eisenhower" and the paper starts the speech rolling off the press.

As we finish our stories we simply hold them over our head and yell "Wireman" or "Western Union" and before you can say "Jackie Robinson" it is snatched out of your hand.

The guy who does the snatching is Charley Brown of Baltimore who is traveling with the group to see that our stories are filed immediately.

Efficiency Amazing

Charley will take the story and when he lands there will be a Western Union man pop up out of the crowd from somewhere. He will grab the "copy" and in a few minutes the story is around the world.

It's amazing how efficiently Western Union works. Charley sits in the press section keeping his eye on the reporters working in the crowd. As soon as one raises that familiar yellow piece of paper he grabs it.

Sometimes you have worked so hard on the story you want to make darn sure it gets into your office. But Charley looks around the crowd and somehow picks out some motley - faced kid who is ever present and hands it to him.

As the kid disappears in the crowd you wonder if he realizes how important that story is to you.

Apparently he does for it always gets through. Of all the millions of words handed Charley in the crowds during this trip, not a single reporter complained that his story did not get through.

"Off The Cuff" Speech

At Jacksonville, Ike spoke "off the cuff"-that is, he did not have a prepared speech. This makes it tougher on the newsmen for in cases like this you have to take your own notes, and write your story or at least your "lead" as he talks.

For the newsmen's convenience Hagerty had tables set up where we could do our typing.

We fought our way through the crowds "knocked out" the story as Ike talked and then grabbed our machines and started the hustle getting back on the planes.

No Colored Present

In this city I tried to find at least one colored person in the crowd. I did not find one but in searching for one Ike finished his talk before I could get near the platform.

I therefore got caught in the crowd with my typewriter. Another newsman got caught the same way. We finally pushed our way up to the police lane but the cops wouldn't let us break through and get into the lane.

We thus had to stand there and watch the others file pass us and head for the bus.

Desperate Effort

In desperation I put my typewriter above my head, hoping to make better time that way in going back through the crowd.

The reporter behind me began pushing me ahead and yelling, "We're going to miss the bus. Push on through, Hicks." I began pushing — right up against a white woman.

She turned, took one look at me and said "If you push me once more I'll have you arrested." I stopped pushing because this was not in the script.

Then I told him to get ahead. He did. Then with him yelling "Press! Let us through please," and I with my left hand on his shoulder and my typewriter on my right shoulder, we pushed our way through the crowd and caught the bus just in time.

Next Stop Miami

We got back on the plane finally and headed for Miami. Thus one can see how fast we were traveling. At breakfast time we had been at Idlewild airport in New York.

Lunch time found us in Atlanta.

Two hours later we had been to Jacksonville for a speech and were heading for Miami to make another one!

Comparing Evaluations

Back in the plane after the "off the cuff" speech, the main topic of conversation was "What did you lead with?" This question was born of the fact that the newsmen had not had the speech in advance and therefore not any time to study it before writing about it.

It's only natural that they would be concerned as to whether they had highlighted the most important part of the speech and so everyone asks the other what part he had considered important enough to put in his lead.

No Drinks For Jimmy

The plane is well stocked with free whisky and as we head for Miami the boys get their stories out of the way and start taking a few drinks which the hostesses bring at call.

But I don't take a single drink because I know that I'm heading for a room at the Roney Plaza that might mark the first time a colored person has ever stayed there and I intend to have all my wits about me to see "What's Happening."

(Next Week The Roney Plaza, Birmingham, Tampa, and Little Rock)

STARS YOU

Here's how the stars shine for you this week.

DAILY FORECASTS

SUNDAY —A topsy-turvy day. A plan going wrong will mean a journey and a pleasant social function in feminine company. Late evening you meet an influential, person and conclude an important deal. Lucky numbers, 514, 326; color, brown.

MONDAY —Good prospects for financial gain, but you will spoil everything if too hasty in writing a certain letter, or dashing off on a premature journey. Chance of enjoying a theatre in feminine company. Lucky numbers, 421, 578; color, white.

TUESDAY — Profit and loss likely to balance, but you will find a hidden dividend in good will. In the evening a delicate personal relationship will improve by your sensitive co-operation. Lucky numbers, 223, 104; color, blue.

WEDNESDAY — Petty irritations will make the day difficult. A planned entertainment likely to fall through, but you will find other amusements. Avoid travel, if possible. Care with sharp tools necessary. Lucky numbers, 725, 843; color, green.

THURSDAY —Attention to detail and routine work will be required. Advertising and publishing specially favorable. Also good for deals in land and property. You can now handle a difficult client successfully. Lucky numbers, 817, 186; color, grey.

FRIDAY — You will be in favor with superiors to-day without knowing why. May hear of an inheritance. But be careful of signing documents without careful examination. Gossip now would be dangerous. Lucky numbers, 211, 962; color, silver.

SATURDAY— Your danger now will be over-indulgence or recklessness. Mind you don't exceed your authority through feeling too important. A long-standing family difficulty may arise, but a social evening will console you. Lucky numbers, 615, 341; color, red.

Here's a forecast of the trend of events in your life. Look for yours under your birthsign.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

ARIES (March 21 — April 20). A hitch is likely at work which will test your ingenuity and add to your reputation. You will avoid a risky speculation by keen insight. The breakdown of an important negotiation will be less harmful than expected.

TAURUS (April 21 —May 21) — Financial benefit could come through an interview at the right time. Take a friend's advice and make the purchase you had planned. Your confident action will bring a happier atmosphere at home.

GEMINI (May 22 —June 21) — Your keynote this week will be caution. Hesitation over a money decision will avert danger from a misplaced confidence. A relative will write for advice in trouble, but don't be in a hurry to reply.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23) — Recent interference will now be lessened by your tactful handling. Increased prestige and a pleasantee routine result. You can meet a proposed expenditure willingly. Some domestic tension, but patience will prevent a flare-up.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23) —Contentment will be gained from accepting adverse circumstances and carrying on. Not your lucky week in business or socially. Tolerate a restricted budget and work for improvement.

Other people will not see eye to eye with you.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 —Sept. 23) —You can now decide a money problem; put a publicity scheme in hand with be settled. Co-operation with your home-partner will bring expanded interests.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 —Oct. 23) —A sudden infatuation could im